

More Similar Than You Think

by YellowApple

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Summary: When a carefully selected group of Alpha students are 'kidnapped' and thrown onto a stolen ship in the middle of the ocean, some of the group seem to keep forgetting why they're really there. Especially when one of the pirates takes it upon themselves to charm one of H.I.V.E's best students, will the villains-in-training ruin the whole mission? Or overcome the challenges they face?

1. Chapter 1

****This is the first story I've wrote on here (on my own) so try cut me some slack if it's ya know... really bad:D Weeeeell either way I'm quite proud I atually thought of an idea(: So enjoy?(*:****

****OHYEAH, before I sorta forget. H.I.V.E doesn't belong to me nor does any of it's characters. They all belong to Mark Walden who I've decided is the best author EVER (maybe after JKRowling?! I may one day kidnap him and force him to write more books by feeding him endless amounts of cookies. Untill then this is based after Zero Hour and BEFORE Aftershock, as I haven't got it yet:(Which is very depressing but I shall soon sneak into a shop and buy it;D****

****So enjoy my story?(: Review it? Please? PRETTY PLEASE? I know the appearance of the please is irrelivant but it sounds better(:
xxx****

_Panicking, I sat on my bed and placed my head in my hands before proceeding to slightly tug at the ends of my hair " which is a habit I've gained over the years whenever I become stressed. I can't believe she'd say that about me... I mean... I was supposed to be her friend! Well... I guess I wasn't... I knew I shouldn't have got close to her, nothing good ever comes out of having 'friends'.

—

_Technology! Now there's a thing I can rely on! It tells you everything you want to know, deletes what nobody should know and doesn't bitch about me behind my back. But I wasn't in the wrong...

was I? I had a right to find out what she was saying. It's not my fault that I'm good with computers and accidentally hacked into her phone so I could listen to what she was saying. She doesn't know how much trouble I went through to get into her phone! Not as much as I thought... but she doesn't know that! They won't come and find me though... will they? No... They can't... I put everything back where it should be. It's only a military base... They won't have enough time to search for a teenage girl after one minor intrusion... would they? _

_Knock Knock Knock-__

Really, are you actually kidding me? At this time? I bet it's that 'Avon' representative... She thinks she's all that my knocking at our door too early in a morning to give me a booklet on how I could look like a model by using their mascara (with some added lash inserts they forget to tell you about of course) and then she returns 3 days later expecting me to have opened it, and read it and then actually have bought something. I have never bought anything but she still returns insisting that I'll wish I'd have bought something sooner or later.

_Knock Knock Knock- _

_Nope. Not answering. Leave me alone, I don't want to buy anything. I don't care if 'Avon's calling' they can leave a message. Hopefully one I can delete quickly. _

_Knock Knock Knock- _

_Damn I'm home alone. I have to go answer it... seriously... Oh god! She's opening and closing the letter box... That doesn't make me want to buy something, it just makes me want to phone the police. After I'd walked down the stairs I picked up the Avon catalogue and read that my representative 'Joan' would come to collect my orders (ppfft in your dreams Joan) on Saturday morning. Shocked face. You're late Joan. 10:30pm is not the morning last time I checked. I'm seriously contemplating to throw something from my bedroom window at the mad woman outside my door as she's now trying to open my front door by twisting the handle. There was a small grunt before a big weight was thrown against the door causing it rattle vigorously on it's hinges. "Alright Joan! Be careful there, try not knock yourself out." Or maybe do... But make sure it's away from our house, I don't need to see your body on the doorstep every time I walk outside. I heard a hushed conversation outside by two people, who I presumed were men by the low voice tones. Unless Joan's husband had come to collect the catalogue... if anyone would even consider marrying her. The talking stopped but what followed was a weight thrown against my door so big that half of the door had given up and caved into our house, this caused a shriek to erupt from me as I saw two men who were if I can say so myself... 'hench' and behind them my parents. Who only seemed slightly alarmed that they just saw someone throw themselves against the door which was supposed to protect our home... and me when nobody's home! Well done door.

>"Please be quick about it." My father softly said as he help my whimpering mother in his arms. The two men nodded before reaching into a holster in their belts and pulling out what looked like a gun, all while never loosing eye-contact with me. My mother let out a wail and buried her head into my father shoulder murmuring something which I only heard glimpses of "My baby", "Painless" and "Her safety" were

not the sort of words which caused my alarm to cease. As the man on the right raised his gun at me I picked up the lamp on our side table and threw it at them causing it to smash against his dark coloured clothes which were identical to the man's next to him. I then clambered up my staircase and ran into my room... which was the worst place I could have chosen to hide in as it had no lock on the door, not much to defend myself with inside it and I happened to live in an awfully small bedroom so I couldn't even hide anywhere. "A weapon... Something heavy... C'mon!" I was mumbling to myself as I heard the footsteps on my stairs getting louder and my parents pleading the men for it to be 'painless' which again didn't sound very good for me. I didn't have time to find a weapon before my door burst open causing me to spin around to see my parents crying and the men pointing their guns at me.

"_Mum! Dad! What's going on? Why's... what's... who are they? And more importantly why are they pointing weapons at me?"_

"_Sweetie. We love you. More than you could ever imagine. But this is something we couldn't turn down... and it'll help you in the long run. We're sorry love, but please make sure you'll behave..." My father's Scottish twang usually makes what he's saying sound like a motivational speech. But all I could feel was emptiness, but I still had trust in my parents so I thought that maybe it won't be so bad... because if they shot me in my head I'll most likely die instantly but if they choose my torso or thigh it could take up to... I couldn't even finish that thought as I felt a growing numbness grow from my stomach outward, I didn't want to look down so I stared at my parents to see them both crying hysterically. I had to grab onto my bed for support as I couldn't hold myself up as my knees had given way. As I laid on the floor I saw a pair of feet wander over to me before everything went numb._

It took me till breakfast to recall the dream I'd had the previous night. Well, I suppose dream isn't the correct word, I should say the memory that I relived in my sub-conscious mind. Yes, that's more accurate. A plate then slammed in front of me causing me to squeak with surprise and look up at the person who had ever so violently given me my food. Shelby, of course. "See! I do things for other people! I don't care what Ms Leon says. You can tell her first hand that I considerably got you some breakfast, eh Brand?"

"Yeah, thanks Shel" I looked down to see... surprise surprise... haggis. Just because I come from a place where haggis is a delicacy doesn't mean I enjoy eating the mangled sheep's stomach.

"C'mon Brand, cheer up. We can have a bit of a gossip if you want? I know you want to..." She was so bubbly sometimes it's hard to be near her. She's just so... American... And at times like this I really can't stand it. So the majority of breakfast proceeded with me moving my food around the plate and not joining in with any conversation... not that anyone would have tried to talk to me anyway. Ever since Lucy died I've tried to make myself as small as possible. Seeing her use her power so easily against people made me quite scared about what could happen if you got on the wrong side of villains. HiveMind also told me that Raven is looking to recruit Alpha students to help her on a mission, with everything that's happened lately I just don't want to get in danger. Unlike some people here I'd like to go home to Scotland and see the people I love. Otto only has his orphanage, Wing's mother has been reported missing for months now, Shelby would

only go back to being the Wraith again and Nigel's father would be staying as G.L.O.V.E's leader anyway. So only Franz and myself have a family to return to, but I don't really like being compared to a 'chunky' German kid. I wandered through the corridor before breakfast ended and everyone would interrupt my wandering mind. I've been daydreaming an awful lot recently, which I've begun to try stop as it usually ends with me being in tears. It usually starts with me wondering what my life would be like if I hadn't been taken to H.I.V.E. Dr Nero says I'd be in jail for sure. But if I was in jail, I wouldn't have lost people who I had begun to feel extremely close to and I could have avoided the whole 'boy trouble'. Then I begin thinking about the trouble I have, that everyone seems to be interested in Shelby and not all that bothered about me. I've explained these issues to Otto but he says that I'm the sort of girl that "You have to get to know before you appreciate how special they are" but then if you have to get to know me to be interested in me what would cause people to make an effort with me? It seems quite stupid that I get frustrated over silly, petty things but it's not only me. Other people have asked me if I'm being 'left out' even Elenor Pennyweather came up to me after Stealth & Evasion and told me if I ever feel I'm not wanted by 'my crowd' that I could go sit with her and her friends at meals.

Atually. It _is_ _ridiculous of me to be getting all upset over something I can't control. It's not anything to do with me if people are automatically more attracted to Shelby rather than her ginger, geeky friend. But that's fine by me. I'll find people who appreciate those qualities in me. It's time I stop being so depressed and to let the fiery red-headed side of me come out to play... Get ready H.I.V.E I think you'll find your quite shocked by the new me.

**So yeah... did ya like it? I won't know unless you review it:D So do it. Do it. Do it. Do it. Do it. NOW :) or later... whicheverXD Aslong as I get my feedback I'm fine :) Sooo if you want another chapter you'll have to ask very nicely :) **

Thanks:D -xxxx

2. Chapter 2

Ohmygawd. It's chapter 2! Which is quite suprising in it's self as I'm really bad with thinking of things, but thankyou to the couple of people who reviewed:) And I'm quite happy with these reviews if I don't say so myself;)

I thought that Laura was edging towards the MarySue Land Of No Return in this chapter, so I changed it slightly... I hope it's still good: D SO TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK! (: I've tried new things with this so pretty please with sugar plums on top review:) xxx

That night I set an alarm on my blackbox so I would actually have time to enjoy a relaxing shower in the morning before my roommate could hog the bathroom for God knows how long.

In the morning I made sure I rinsed and repeated with my shampoo and left my conditioner in for a minute or two before thoroughly washing it out. I decided to actually use the demon hairdryer today which was a big step itself as the last time I'd tried to use it my hair kept flying into my face making me nearly swallow wet hair... which isn't

an experience which I was keen to re-live. So I usually let it dry naturally before tying it up... but no! Not today. The _new _Laura won't let any form of technology faze her.

So I picked up the hairdryer carefully and turned it on. Big mistake. I had a heart attack as it blew right into my face causing my eye to have a twitchy fit. Once my eye had watered to it's own content I screwed my eyes shut as I aimlessly positioned the hairdryer at my hair and turned it on. I remembered seeing a girl on an advert turn her head upside down and dry it that way. I must admit it was easier and I didn't have the fear of eating my hair again, but when I'd finished and lifted my head up I realised I had achieved 'volume' in my hair successfully.

But that to do that I now had a side fringe that defied gravity and just stuck up in mid-air... Which I personally thought was both annoying and hilarious at the same time so I just left it in hope that it would flatten on it's own accord eventually. I made sure that putting my uniform on was the last thing I did so I wouldn't crease it, I was ready to leave by the time Shelby was halfway through her 'beauty regime' so I quietly sneaked downstairs to see Elenor sat on in an armchair. As I shyly walked over to her and her friend she gave me a sympathetic smile as though she knew how I was feeling and made room on the chair arm so I could perch next to her. Elenor introduced me to her friend Anna who also wore the black jumpsuit which marked her as an Alpha student like me.

"I had a feeling you'd want to sit with us, I'm glad you have to be honest. I've never really felt comfortable around your other friends and when you tap away on your computer I always want to come and ask you what you're doing... But your albino friend always seems to beat me to it..." Apparently this is something both Anna and Elenor have thought at times but Elenor was the one to tell about their thoughts.

"Oh, that's Otto. You shouldn't be anxious around him, or the others, they're quite nice people." I received a disbelieving stare from Anna which made me chuckle. "When you get to know them..." Elenor "who prefers to be called Ellie" linked arms with Anna and myself as we walked to breakfast. It felt weird not sitting at my usual table (which was now occupied with Franz, Nigel, Otto, Wing and Shelby) and walking past them to sit with who I assumed were Ellie's other friends. I could feel the daggers Shelby was shooting at me without turning around, but when I did turn I saw it was Otto who was glaring at me. If looks could kill I would defiantly have disintegrated on the spot. I turned back around and sat down before deciding I'd still talk to them, as I wouldn't sink so low as to ignore them.

Anna introduced me to Mike, Aaron and Joanne who were all in the Henchman stream. Joanne quickly made a point to say, "Call me Jo. If you ever refer to me as Joanne, I will rip your eyes out of their sockets. Promise." My eyes widened before the table burst into hysterics "including Jo. "I'm kidding! Jeez I'm actually a nice person, but I'm serious. Don't call me Joanne." That made me smile as I realised not everyone was as hostile as I first believed them to be.

****(The Next Day) Professor Pike's POV****

First thing I had Practical Technology with first year Alpha's, they

don't need much attention I can just leave them to it. They'd find anything difficult. As the students walked into my classroom I noticed that they were very tall for their ages... and even some of the older students had wandered in. "Umm... Miss Trinity!" I called the blonde haired American in my room who answered by turning around and facing me. "I think you and you're friends are in the wrong room! Where are my first years?" Apparently I said that quite loud as many of my students had turned around and I then noticed the amount of stars (1) on their jumpsuits. "Oh... never mind Alpha's" I laughed nervously at my obvious mistake. "I must have just... forgotten..." I mumbled the last part in embarrassment, the last thing I need is for one of the students to tell Dr. Nero that I nearly taught the wrong lesson again. Three times in a week isn't very good for any teacher never mind one as well known as me. What if one of the students did tell Dr. Nero? Would the headmaster be angry? Or would he realise I'm getting old and 'release' me of my duties? Maybe it is time for me to retire soon, but then where would I go? I haven't got a woman in my life... the closest I've got is HiveMind and he's only a piece of technology.

"Professor!" A familiar Scottish voice distracted me from my daydream. "Are you okay? You look awfully pale..." I wasn't too sure who the girl in front of me was... I was positive that it was Miss Brand but... I thought Miss Brand didn't do anything with her hair. And certainly this girl had at least attempted to make an effort with her 'big' hair, I wasn't altogether too sure if she wanted to recreate the look of a bush baby. Some bits of her hair stuck out at odd angles... including her fringe... which seemed to seemed to be at a 90 degree angle off her face.

"Really? Do I? I don't feel any different?" In my head I was going through lists of illnesses I could possibly have. Maybe I have cholera... I'll have to go to the sick bay soon so they can properly treat it before it gets any worse.

"Professor, you look like you might faint... For your own safety I think you should go to the sick bay." I couldn't even get a word in, she just rambled on. "No buts Professor. Go. Now." For some reason I felt obliged to scuttle out of my classroom. Miss Brand and Mr Malpense would look after the students.

****(Back in the classroom) Laura's POV****

I cannot believe I just did that... Me? I mean... me... Laura Brand, getting a teacher to leave? I'm quite disgusted with myself actually, he trusted me. But he didn't even realise it was our class, he'd have probably wasted our lesson anyway. I'll just work especially hard next lesson, yes, that should clear it up. As I walked back to my seat someone who was sat by them self in the back started to clap which caused my friends to cheer enthusiastically. But Otto glared at me like I just killed his puppy Gary... well, his hypothetical puppy Gary which he's always wanted. Then if he actually got a pug puppy he'd train it to do all sorts, nobody was expect it because it's a little ugly pug but then it'd explode with amazing tricks. Well not literally explode because then it'd be a dead Gary... By the time I'd thought about Gary I was sat in my seat and realised that I really missed talking to Otto. I still talk to Shel now as we share rooms and I never really spoke to Wing much but we smile at each other when we do meet... but I haven't really spoken to Otto even though I've seen him a number of times. He always seems to be glaring though,

maybe he needs glasses...

**So BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! Did'ya like it? I hope you did(:
Even if you didn't I'd appreciate a review(: Tattybye for now; D
xxx**

3. Chapter 3

**Next chapter! WOOO! I haven't updated this story in absolute ages,
but I just had a massive urge so I thought I'd do some more:')
**

**Once again I unfortunately don't own any of H.I.V.E, it's students
or teachers. I guess I own Ellie, Anna, Jo, Mike and Aaron but nobody
really cares about that;D **

**I hope you all enjoy! And PRETTY PLEASE review:D I don't care if
it's a bad review(: I just like reviews:D So yeah, once again
ENJOY!:)x**

Apparently the word in the Henchman stream is that Raven's looking
for me. That thought in itself strikes fear through my very soul...
well according to some people being ginger makes it my 'lack of a
soul'. Either way _everyone _knows you want to be on Raven's good
side... if you're not, let's just say you're in trouble. But I can't
be in trouble... I mean I haven't done anything wrong... Well,
recently. Except for practically kicking Professor Pike out of our
lesson with him last week and ordering him to go to the sick bay when
I knew full well that he was fine. Oh... and maybe earlier this week
when I blackmailed some new Political/Financial recruits into
'misplacing' Ms Leon's collar, which meant our Stealth & Evasion
lesson with her went to waste as well... Then again, there _was _the
incident yesterday where I may have 'accidently' pushed Franz over
the platform during Tactical Education â€" but I was just giving him
a hand with getting started... Okay then I haven't done anything
wrong in the last 12 hours... Maybe I _am_ in trouble with Raven
then...

That's just the sort of news I wish to hear during breakfast. That
and several comments about my hair, well... hair isn't exactly how I
would describe it... it's more of a savage monster that has inhabited
the top of my head. But the comments on my hair weren't that it looks
nice or anything â€" oh no that wouldn't be honest enough for the
Alpha stream. Carly asked me if I forgot to do my hair this morning
and I was very embarrassed that I couldn't say that was the case. I
found a new attachment thing to put on my hairdryer this morning...
well Shelby's attachment thing... and Shelby's hairdryer... Once you
attach it to the hairdryer it goes into a wide circle much bigger
than the original end of the hairdryer. At the end of this circle are
many small rounded sticks coming out of it and also holes every now
and again. I later learnt that this monstrosity of plastic is called
a 'diffuser' and is used to make your hair go curly. Due to the many
holes in it I stupidlythought it'd delay the time it takes the dry my
hair by spreading out the air flow. But no. It takes just as long,
maybe even longer, and makes my hair go into some form of waves. That
is defiantly not what I need to put up with. I couldn't even tie it
up with a bobble or as Shelby insists I call it a 'hair tie' as when
I did the curls just stuck out at odd angles as if ready to eat
unsuspecting people. Having ginger hair provokes enough jokes (which

I just counter with insults to their lack of intelligence and that I could change my hair colour but they couldn't change their unfortunate dim mind) but having ginger hair that looks like it's been dragged through a hedge backwards just adds to the jibes my friends would give me, no matter how many times they assure me it's just 'banter'.

By the time I'd got to breakfast with Ellie and Anna I'd had more than my fair share of laughs concerning my hair, but I sucked it up. Back home I'd never had real friends, apparently the girls I _did_ class as friends talked about me behind my back practically every time I wasn't there, so I realised this was the norm with mates. Wow, me... saying 'mates'... I never thought the day would come. If I was talking to Otto I would try my hardest to use advanced vocabulary and refer to them as acquaintances I enjoyed the company of. I need to stop doing that. Thinking about what I'd do if I was talking to Otto... I always loved our conversations about new forms of technology Professor Pike had introduced to the school and how we'd upgrade parts of it. I never have conversations like that anymore... my new friends don't exactly engage in discussions that challenge my intelligence. I'm not being big-headed but since Jo, Mike and Aaron are from the Henchman stream they aren't exactly encouraged to use their brains but more their fists and Ellie and Anna both are too... _girly_ to even think about technology, unless it's on how to use those Blackberry's or 'BBM' as they always seem to talk about... I have no idea what 'BBM' is but by the sounds of it it's a new version of MSN that you have to pay for, which I find quite odd.

When I sat down Mike erupted into a fit of laughter and after calming down proceeded to ask me "Hmm... I'm trying to find a nice thing to say about your hair today Scotsgirl... But I'm finding it rather difficult..." He then started chuckling to himself as if he'd just told an award-winning joke. Jo stabbed his arm with her elbow which I thought seemed extremely painful but Mike didn't even seem aware that she had just committed a minor assault against him.

"It is a rather _interesting_ look you've gone for today..." Jo remarked to me, by this time I'd realised that they thought I wasn't aware of the orange beast that inhabited where my hair used to live. I had to assure them all that I hadn't intended my usually tame hair to turn out like it had that day. Jo sympathised with me fully and when some of her fellow Henchman Stream peers made not the nicest of comments on my hair she only had to slam her fists on the table before standing up and glaring at them before they apologised and scuttled away in fear.

****Several Weeks Later****

Why me? Really! What was going through their head when they were picking us? Did they suddenly go 'I know what I'm missing! A girl that is in no way inconspicuous or physically fit in any way, shape or form' apparently so! I was happily minding my own business walking to the lunch room with Anna and Ellie who were immersed in a conversation about the Stealth and Evasion lesson we'd just come out of when I was dragged away from the other two girls by an unseen black shadow. The person clad in black stuffed what I assumed was cloth into my mouth to suppress my protests and forced both my hands behind my back into what I can only describe as an excruciatingly painful position and tied them together stopping basically all of my escape possibilities. They then dragged me backwards through the

corridors which no students seem to inhabit anymore, they do say that the best way to a person's heart is through their stomach and all of H.I.V.E's students were no exception, at the mere mention of a meal by the school made the majority of the students feel like drooling â€" or literally drooling in Franz's case. As I tried to judge where in the school this person was taking me I realised we'd just gone through the doors that indicated students were not permitted to enter this part of the school. The person whose face I couldn't see pushed me into a wall as they opened a door behind me before dragging me into the brightly lit room.

The main items I could see in the large room were the woven red and cream rug which I couldn't fully appreciate the fine detail of as on top of it were four brown leather armchairs â€" three of which were inhabited who I couldn't see, as they were facing a mahogany desk which had many stacks of files and pieces of paper. Behind the desk was the last person who I expected to see in a black leather chair, Dr Nero. Nero merely raised his eyebrow at the state of me with a gag in my mouth and arms restricted behind my back. He just looked at the person who had dragged me here and questioned "Resistance?"

To which a Russian accent from behind me replied with "No, I'd had enough after collecting Fanchu. I didn't want to waste anymore time." I turned my head around to see Raven smirking back at me, she then began to untie my hands from the cloth she'd used. Once she's released them I tugged the cloth out of my mouth and whipped my head around to face Nero before asking timidly "Dr Nero. What's this about? Was my kidnap necessary? Couldn't you have just asked me to come here?" My accent came out thick as I was trying to hide my frustration from my headmaster. From behind one of the chairs a face peered around the chair they were sitting in to face me, the snowy white hair gave away who it was. After one glance at me Otto rolled his eyes and scoffed before turning back around in his chair.

So yeah... That's it(: I thought I'd leave it there for a bit, hopefully not too long though. Maybe if some of you guys review it I'll know people appreciate all the time it took to write this:D So thanks for reviewing(: I love you all. I don't care if you don't want my love... You've got it! WOOO! Thanks again(: -Vicky xxx

4. Chapter 4

Basically it's been practically a whole year since I last updated this... I was surfing FF, as you do, and I remembered that I actually **_have **_**a story... which I've failed at writing really... I haven't even got to the plot I described in the summery yet. So I'm going to try and carry on with the story - hopefully with some form of motivation that may get from my lovely readers:p **

Laura's P.O.V

Of course I should have guessed. Of course they'd pick _him. _At first I reckoned that Dr. Nero was just being spiteful and thought it was some cruel and slightly unusual punishment. But then it dawned on me that he _is _probably the most able-minded student that attends H.I.V.E... Great.

"Now our team is complete. Miss Brand, please, take a seat." The tone of Dr. Nero's voice made is quite clear that it wasn't a request. As

I sat down in the seat next to my absolute best friend, the albino, he continued. "You probably have some assumptions as to why the four of you are here today. I know how the rumour mill can get around here. But I can guarantee you right now, that you're wrong."

"I highly doubt that." The American voice that I'd learnt to love scoffed at our headmaster. Yes, actually scoffed! Even the new Laura couldn't believe that... To the _headmaster _of a villain school for God's sake.

"Well Miss Trinity. Would you like to enlighten the rest of your quartet as to what I've called you here for?" Wait... quartet!? I only then realised that Wing was sat in the chair next to Shelby at the end of the row, as usual... sitting deadly silent making only the smallest of movements that were absolutely necessary, like breathing.

"You've called us here for a mission. _Everyone's _been talking about it. Apparently Raven's been watching for the past few weeks to see which students have the potential to carry out a top-secret mission for you." Shelby beamed as Dr. Nero failed to reply to her, assuming that she was correct.

"If this was for a 'top-secret mission' as you put it. Then why would you have heard about it?" Shelby's face dropped as she realised that Raven's quick reply was right.

"So if we're not here for a mission. Or because we've misbehaved â€" because I guarantee you that we haven't done anything wrong â€" why are we all here?" If Otto was trying to hide the irritation in his voice, he was failing miserably.

"Calm down Mr Grumpy Pants, he's going to tell us if you'd just shut up for a minute." The words slipped out of my mouth before I could even stop them. The subtle glare I then received from my right showed that he did not appreciate my new slightly immature nickname for him.

"You _are _going on a mission though." Everyone's head snapped upwards to face Dr. Nero at that. "It's not _entirely _top secret. But I think that both Raven and I would appreciate it if you didn't say anything to anyone about it." In this school you quickly learn that what Raven appreciates, you do unless you'd like to answer to her personally. "You are going to be situated in a restricted area surrounded by those who you shall have to gain the trust of. Your goal is to find the ringleader, discover what they are planning and then eliminate the threat that they pose. How you do all of these objectives is entirely up to you, but I expect results. Good ones at that." He stopped and looked at us all expectantly.

"When will we be departing?" I heard Wing's voice for what seemed like the first in months, but was only weeks.

"Tonight. Anything else?"

"Will we be getting a brief as to where exactly we're going, our identities for the mission and things like that?" This was a bizarre thing for them to send students on missions with such short notice, so obviously my inner-geek came out to ask all of the necessary questions.

"Miss Brand, if I gave you even half of that, it wouldn't be much of a challenge would it?" I could hear the smirk in his voice that would have probably appeared on his face if he were not so professional. "I _will_ tell you that your identities will be made clear once you arrive."

So that was it. No warning, no goodbyes. Just a meeting and then hopping on a Shroud. I couldn't even fathom what they were going to tell the rest of the students when they realised that four of the more... notorious students were suddenly gone.

Basically the journey went on for God knows how long, I stopped counting after 4 hours 35 minutes, with it being utterly awkward as nobody spoke to me. Well, if I'm being specific nobody was speaking what so ever. The reason behind that completely flew past me but the only form of contact that I had with the others was eye contact followed with a mutual smile with Shelby as we strapped ourselves in. All I could do to past the remainder of the time was to stare into space and hope that our mission took place in a city like Rome or Paris where I could maybe do some site seeing alongside the mission. After thinking about it for a while though I was just hoping it would be somewhere that I wouldn't sunburn due to having a hair colour that resembles fire.

It was well into the night before the Shroud even began to descend which took another half an hour. Raven then came down the stairs from the cockpit to where the four of us were seated and signalled for us to follow her outside the Shroud. To be honest I was torn as to whether I should have been excited to actually walk since my legs had become restless during the flight or nervous to find out where our mission would be taking place. I followed the others in a line out of the doorway to find that I couldn't see anything... I should've expected that really with it being night time and all that. The line stopped suddenly causing me to stumble slightly into Otto who I'm guessing didn't appreciate it too much, hence the glare I received as he turned around briefly. He then cautiously walked to Wing's left side as Shelby did the same to his right, feeling a bit left out I then strolled over and stood next to Shelby. I soon realised why there was an eerie silence that laced the air as I saw the silhouette of someone " who I assumed was Raven " stood a metre or so in front of us facing forward as if judging our surroundings. She then spun around to face us and just eyed us for a long while, as we made eye contact I attempted to keep it up until she looked away to show the lack of fear in my body, but that failed completely within a couple of seconds once her piercing eyes seemed to stare into my soul. It sounds dramatic, I know, but she's one scary lady to put it bluntly. "Nero told you that your aim is to gather information and then eliminate the threat, you _will_ get it done no matter how long it takes. But if I feel that any of you... aren't trying let's say, I'll be paying you a little visit." Her pause made the threat even more intimidating than it originally was. "The four of you are currently in a classified location which isn't going to be revealed to you as throughout your mission you'll be travelling to various locations so therefore this one is unnecessary for you to know. You'll be on a ship, not just any ship though. The SS Stanwore has been somehow occupied by a group of rogue pirates whose aims are unknown to us. These pirates range in ages but our sources say there are several whom are similar to your ages and therefore can aid as a way for you to befriend those higher up the ladder who'll know the

information you're aiming to gather."

"Will the crew be expecting us?" Wing questioned with the same amount of emotion filling his voice as a brick.

Raven's reply began with a smirk, "They're expecting your cover stories," One of us must have looked confused at that as she carried on, "Think about it. Did you really expect to go in there as yourselves... the four kids from a secret villain school? The captain has paid good money for who he thinks he's getting." The smirk was then plastered upon her face again.

"And who are they expecting?" The British voice gave away who asked the very question that was occupying my mind.

"Where would be the fun if I told you now? Work it out. You're all more than capable of doing that." Raven then walked around us and strolled back over to the Shroud before stopping in the doorway and facing us again, "Your mission starts now. We'll be in touch." The door slid shut behind us as we heard the engines start up before the cloaking device was enabled and the Shroud vanished before our eyes.

"So what do we do now?" Shelby sounded disgusted that Raven had the audacity to just leave us to fend for ourselves in the dark.

"Oh I wouldn't be worrying about that right now." A deep voice offered from Otto's side of the line in the shadows, which was basically everywhere around us due to the lack of lighting.

"We can tell you exactly what you should do." Another voice with an Irish twang suggested from near me which caused me to spin facing to the right of where I previously was in an attempt to see who the voice was coming from and instinctively grab Shelby's arm in fear. "Oh what's wrong ginger? Do the faceless voices frighten you?" The Irish voice began to mock as footsteps seemed to be coming from several different directions approaching our group slowly.

"She's a Scots girl, nothing scares her." Shelby whose arm I was probably cutting off the blood to stuck up for me "€" I turned my head to smile at her in gratitude but I doubt she saw me.

"What about you blondie? Are you afraid of the dark?" A new voice from directly in front of Shelby menacingly asked before her arm slipped out of my grasp and I heard my friend squeal before the man exclaimed, "I've got her boys! Get the rest." That simple order caused many male voices to cheer and run towards Otto and Wing. I automatically spun in an attempt to find where my friend had got to, I began to run forward to see if I could find her and tripped over a large item on the floor. As I kneeled beside it and began to try find what it was, I felt a material beneath my fingers and felt the lump start struggling.

"Shel? Is that you?" I whispered beside the bag in an attempt to avoid drawing attention to myself. A muffled voice excitedly replied to me even though I couldn't tell what they were saying through the fabric which I assumed was a bag of some kind. Gathering that inside the bag was Shelby I frantically tried to find how she could get out of the bag whilst I heard grunts behind me and the sounds of bones snapping as I assumed Wing was kicking some ass. As I found the knot

which held Shelby captive, a cloth with a wet substance on was harshly held against my face which the force of pushed me to the ground where I struggled in an attempt to not breathe in any chemicals which were on the cloth and get my attacker off me. But one can only hold their breath for so long so my attempts at prising the hand off my face become desperate as I dared to take in a few short breathes. Even after those I could feel the item on the cloth begin to make my thoughts swirl and eyes grow tired, my adrenaline kicked in as I began to try and punch, slap and claw the man behind me. After a couple of random hits my hands found purchase on the person's face and began to rake my nails across what I hoped was his eyes, which seemed to work as they soon let go of the cloth in order to get my hands off my face. Whilst he was distracted I quickly got up and looked around to find both Otto and Wing fighting those attempting to catch them, whilst the bag which held Shelby was nowhere to be seen.

I started to run, or what I thought was running but turned out to be a few stumbles as my vision began to cloud over preventing me from even thinking clear. Strong arms snaked their way around my waist and lifted me off my feet which caused a scream to erupt from within me whilst I made a poor attempt of wriggling my way out of their arms. "Get off!" I shrieked probably not nearly as loud as it sounded in my head. The arms released me suddenly causing me to almost lose my balance completely, but two hands grabbed the tops of both my arms causing me to regain my balance and to again start flailing my limbs aimlessly in an attempt to escape.

"Laura! It's me! Listen, are you okay?" The concerned, well pronounced voice seemed to echo in my ears as I vaguely made out a mass of white hair through the cloud that now occupied my vision. My whole world shook as Otto attempted to make me pay attention by shaking my body but instead the cloudy haze completely overtook my sight and my hearing became muffled. I felt myself stumble against Otto as my legs began to give way, he then disappeared from in front of me whilst a sharp pain erupted through my skull leaving me unable to stop myself from hitting the ground at full force causing me to black out completely.

**I'm actually so proud that I finished this chapter, I'm quite proud with how I've made the story progress as well. **

Clearly I don't own anything to do with H.I.V.E, if I did do you actually think I'd be writing Fanfic about it?

I have no idea what direction this story is going to go in, I'm just writing it as I go along really... which probably isn't too good but oh well. This is why any form of review praise or criticism goes a long way with helping me progress the story. I'm sorry for any atrocious grammar or spelling throughout any of this story but I'm usually way too lazy to re-read it and change it, so sorry...

Please review, as I previously mentioned it means a lot to me. â€" Vicky

End
file.